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THE

YALE LITERARY MAGAZINE,

CONDUCTED

BY THE

STUDENTS OF YALE COLLEGE.



"Dum mens grata manet, nomen laudesque Yaleusque
Cantabunt Sobolus, unanimique Patres."

MARCH, 1852.

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C O N T E N T S.

Mistaken Philanthropy,	- - - - -	161
The Undine of Fouque,	- - - - -	166
Letters,	- - - - -	171
Down East and Out West,	- - - - -	174
Fill a Cup to the Past,	- - - - -	178
Collegiate Education in the West,	- - - - -	179
Valentines,	- - - - -	183
Phonography,	- - - - -	186
Literary Notice,	- - - - -	190
MEMORABILIA YALENSIA:		
Berkeleiani Redivivi,	- - - - -	190
Kossuth and Yale,	- - - - -	193
Election of Editors,	- - - - -	196
Premiums Awarded February 28, 1852,	- - - - -	196
Literary Societies,	- - - - -	196
Beethoven Concert,	- - - - -	197
Junior Exhibition,	- - - - -	197
Yale Temperance Society,	- - - - -	198
EDITOR'S TABLE,	- - - - -	199

THE

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MARCH, 1852.

No. V.

Mistaken Philanthropy.

We hear much said now a days about Mistaken Philanthropy, False Sympathy, wrong views of Humanity, incorrect notions of Benevolence, and the like. Whenever any individual or class of individuals proposes any scheme for bettering the condition of men—whenever any proposition is made for relieving any class or any people from existing calamities—in short, whenever any new doctrine is set forth, concerning our duties towards our fellow men, which differs from the preconceived notions of mankind, a great hue and cry is raised about these emotions of the human heart. These emotions are said to have become utterly perverted and to have run away with the head. It is alleged that if such principles should prevail, justice would be entirely lost sight of, law would be dishonored, all government would be at an end, and society destroyed. That there may be a philanthropy abroad which would properly receive the appellation Quixotic, we will not say—but what we do condemn and protest against, is the habit of denouncing every philanthropic effort, every humanizing work, as the result of a fevered sympathy. And here we would remark that this mode of treating these matters is not confined to any class of individuals, and what is not a little remarkable, one who accuses another of it, is in turn accused of the same by a third. Take an instance. A pious, devoted Christian has all his sympathies drawn out by the destitution of the heathen. He directs his attention to their wants, and his purse is freely opened to supply their necessities. But his neighbor has his sympathies drawn out in a different direction. His compassion has always been most excited by viewing the victims of

Intemperance, and when a proposition is made for the total suppression of the traffic in intoxicating liquors, he eagerly seizes upon it as the only sure means of saving those for whom his sympathies have so long been aroused. For this, he is accused by the other of being led away by a false sympathy, or a mistaken notion of humanity. And the latter is himself accused of the same failings by a third person, a traveler it may be on missionary ground, who has with prejudiced eye looked upon the introduction of Christianity there. It would seem then that those who make such an outcry against philanthropy, draw no definite line between false philanthropy and true philanthropy, or rather, each one draws a line for himself, and these lines do not at all correspond with each other. The croakers are at variance with themselves.

Since then these persons neither give us any definition of what they call "Mistaken Philanthropy," nor agree in their application of the term, the inquiry naturally arises, what is Mistaken Philanthropy? In order however to answer this, we must first consider what is true philanthropy, using the term in its most commonly received sense.

Philanthropy we conceive to be a synonym of Benevolence and also of Humanity—the union of the heart and hand in acts of kindness towards our fellow-men. It is not pity, not compassion, not mere sympathy. It does not content itself with feeling pain at the sight of pain. Its action is not confined to the removal of the object of its distress. It ceases neither in casual wishes that the cause of distress in the object may at some indefinite period of time be removed, nor in vague prayers for the same end. It is rather the generous emotion of our nature, which, while it commiserates the object of its sympathies, forgets not to relieve it of its suffering. It is the spirit of a Howard periling every danger that the prisoner may be relieved. It is the spirit of a Swartz despising the pleasures of home and friends, and going to the distant Indies that souls may be converted to Christ. It is the spirit of a Luther braving obloquy, contumely, and papal bulls, in order to render the Church below like that above. It is the spirit of Christ, who died that man might live. In a word, it is Love. Philanthropy manifests itself in different aspects. At one time it is meek, at another it is bold; at one time it is mild, at another it is stern; at one time it is gentle, at another it is severe; at all times and under all circumstances it is lovely.

Such then is Philanthropy, as we conceive of it. Let us see if this conception of it is not the true one. "Philanthropy," says Addison, "is the love of mankind—benevolence to the whole human family." "Benevolence," says one of our distinguished Professors, "is an active principle which centres in others, and is chiefly intent on relieving suffering."

Whewell's idea of Benevolence is an affection which makes man, as man, an object of love to us. He states it as a moral principle, that man is to be loved as man, and this he terms the Principle of Humanity. Mr. Fox, in the British House of Commons, remarks—"Humanity does not consist in a squeamish ear. It does not consist in shrinking and starting at tales of woe, but in a disposition of the heart to remedy the evils they unfold."

From these definitions it would seem that we are right in using the terms Philanthropy, Benevolence and Humanity as synonymous. If then the notions which we have advanced respecting these affections are correct, what are we to understand by Quixotic Philanthropy, False Benevolence, Mistaken Humanity? It is perhaps to be regretted that they who make so much noise about these affections should have used so vague and indefinite language respecting them—that they should never have signified clearly what they mean by the terms so frequently used. It is left therefore to inference alone to determine what they mean. And we think from the spirit of their censures, the tones of their voice, the illustrations and comparisons they make use of, it will be no very difficult matter to divine their meaning. They mean, it seems to us, either a philanthropy which leaves justice out of view and which disregards the rights of others, or a philanthropy where the feelings are a predominant feature, where wild and extravagant notions prevail. Sometimes the one is intended, sometimes the other, and sometimes both.

The question then arises, is the philanthropy of those persons of whom Mistaken Philanthropy is predicated, included in either of these cases? We answer, most certainly not. Take the first case. Such men neither keep justice out of sight nor desire to injure others; for their very starting point is benefit to others, of whatever class, "equal and exact justice to all," and it is strangely inconsistent for those who admit that this is their starting point to turn around and tell them that they desire the benefit of one class at the expense of another. Some appear to think that vengeance is the object sought for by these so-called Mistaken Philanthropists. If it were, there might be some grounds for fearing, that the bounds of justice would be overstepped. Nor even is punishment the object sought for, and yet it might be, and still justice not be trampled on. But the philanthropist asks nothing of this sort. He only asks that the wrongdoer cease his wrong doings. He will freely forgive him his evil deeds, provided he will leave them off.

Again we cannot see that what may appear to be a wild and extravagant notion is evidence of Mistaken Philanthropy. If so then were Martin Luther and Philip Melancthon the most mistaken of Philanthro-

pists. Nor can we see that the manifestation of excessive feeling is evidence of Mistaken Philanthropy. If so, then was Christ weeping at the tomb of Lazarus whom he raised from the dead, the highest example of a Mistaken Philanthropist.

We think, then, that those to whom this term is usually applied are not entitled to it—that they are true Philanthropists, overflowing with good will to all, and desiring nothing so much as the happiness of their fellow-men.

But it may be objected that if benefit to others be the object sought, the means taken to accomplish this end are subversive of the principles of order and good government, which is considered proof conclusive of Mistaken Philanthropy. Far from it. This is another point entirely. We are not talking about the means used to accomplish an end, but the end itself. A person may earnestly desire to save a drowning man, and according to the best of his knowledge, he may deem a certain rope which he has, the surest means of effecting his safety. This may or may not be the case—but, be that as it may, his humanity is not called in question, his judgment, his common sense, may be, but not his benevolence.

Here then seems to be one difficulty with the croakers—they shift the ground entirely. No greater mistake can be made. But this is not the only difficulty, nor by any means the greatest. In a majority of cases where persons denounce philanthropists, we apprehend that self-interest lies at the foundation of their denunciations. This is not always the case, to be sure. We make all due allowance on the part of these persons for ignorance of the subject, and prejudice against the individuals or the name they bear. But setting these aside, do not interests, real or supposed, prompt most of the anathemas against modern philanthropists? When we consider the manifold ways in which men's interests may be affected, we are not surprised that such is the case. For hardly a reform can be mentioned which does not affect, more or less, the interest of some, either in their own persons or that of their friends, their property, their party, their town, their state, their country, or their sect. And we do not blame indiscriminately all who thus denounce those who are acting for the benefit of others. It is not in human nature to act contrary to self-interest. This our laws recognize, in not allowing *ex parte* evidence and in prohibiting officials from receiving presents from any quarter. But what we do find fault with, is allowing every little petty interest to thwart judgment, to blind reason, and to stifle conscience.

We said at the commencement of this article, that of late much had been said about these matters. But we find that this croaking is an old

story. We find that Wilberforce in his philanthropic efforts to abolish the Slave Trade met with the same opposition. M. Macnamara stigmatized the measure as ‘hypocritical, fanatical, and methodistical.’ Col. Tarleton, of revolutionary memory, in answer to a speech of Wilberforce, said that “they who had attempted the abolition of the Slave Trade, were led away by a mistaken humanity ; * * * these enlightened philanthropists have discovered that it is necessary for the sake of humanity and for the honor of the nation, that the merchants in the African trade should be persecuted ; * * * let not a mistaken humanity in these enlightened times present a colorable pretext for any injurious attack on property or character.” Such was the language used by the supporters of a traffic which the whole civilized world has now declared to be piracy.

We do not wish to be inquisitive, but we cannot forbear making one inquiry. Perhaps in doing so, we may remind some of that passage in Holy Writ, which speaks of busy-bodies in other men’s matters, but still we cannot help asking whether those who prate so much about False Sympathy and Mistaken Philanthropy, do themselves ‘loose the bands of wickedness, undo the heavy burdens, let the oppressed go free, break every yoke, give bread to the hungry, bring the poor into their houses and clothe the naked ?’ Does not their Religion, their Humanity, and their Philanthropy, content itself with ‘bowing down their heads like a bulrush, and putting sackcloth and ashes under them ?’

We would not deny to such the feeling of sensibility, or pity, or compassion. We would not deny to them painful emotions, in consequence of the distress they see. But we ask, whether, if this emotion prompts to any action at all on their part, it does not in too many cases prompt to a desire to remove from their view the cause of this emotion—not to a disposition to relieve the distress from a benevolent and disinterested concern about the sufferer.

Such are our views of Mistaken Philanthropy. We believe that there is much less of it than is generally supposed, and that that which goes by this name, is the truest Philanthropy, founded in a just apprehension of the rights of man as well as his woes and wants. We believe also in its ultimate triumph, for as has been said a thousand times, “Truth is mighty and will prevail.”

C. M. B.

The Undine of Fouqué.

EVERY man has his day-dreams—has his hours when letting go his strong grasp on the material—the real, he loses himself in mystic memory, or rends the veil of the future and throws up a highway to his destiny. Every man, I say, has them. The miser dreams of unexplored regions of gold; the statesman of Utopia; the philosopher dreams of the arcana of Nature. And these are no less real to the dreamer than is the world of matter to the external senses, the outward man. The influence of the ideal on human character is too well known to be disputed or need defense.

So, in the Empire of Books, there are essays and treatises on the physical universe, and also those whose world imagination creates and lights up. In the former, the attention is directed to forms which hundreds have seen before; in the latter to bright, new creations, fresh from the mould of Genius. In the catalogue of the latter stands the Undine of Fouqué. He who has read this tale from the German, has tasted one of the sweetest cups that imagination has ever mingled for her votaries.

To say that it is from the German is equivalent to asserting, that it differs essentially from the romance of every other nation. The Germans were early known as a fantastic people; which characteristic during the middle ages merged into mysticism, and latterly they are absorbed in the silent world of Intellect. This ceaseless thinking, dreaming has made their literature rich in the imaginative—the poetical. The wild fancy of early times, mingled with medieval heroism and chivalry, and reined by a cultivated taste, has given rise to their noblest productions. None know better than the Germans how to weave into the literary woof electric threads, that thrill at every touch. Not only are there imaginative writings characterized by deep emotion, feeling, passion, but a strange supernaturalism—a ghost-like gliding among the misty scenes.

It is not, however, the present object to analyze German Romance, but to inspect one of its brightest jewels. This inspection will not be made by going through with an actual analysis of the parts, but by producing some general facts illustrative of certain principles.

I propose to consider this work in three respects; its philosophy, its romance, and its poetry. It is founded on the tenets of the Rosicrucians. The mystical notions of this sect of Theosophists working in the mind of Fouqué produced the character of Undine. The other persons represented are of no consequence, at present, further than they assist in developing the plot. Undine is the unity. Around her clusters everything. She is the sun from which every other body in the system receives light.

It is not essential to this essay to inquire into all the principles and articles of belief of the Rosicrucians; they are as various as the characters of the individual philosophers. The system was a river of feeble fountain-head, but mighty tributaries. Among the most prominent may be named Fludd, Boehmen and Van Helmont. They believed that in the elements exist beings of peculiar characters and varied powers, having forms and capacities adapted to that in which they live. Thus there were Sylphs in the air—Gnomes in the earth—Salamanders in the fire, and in the water Undines. The Sylphs furnished the beautiful machinery in Pope's Rape of the Lock, and the Undines are the golden base of this splendid structure of Fouqué.

These beings were supposed to resemble the human race—but were far more beautiful. Their abode was “beneath resounding domes of crystal,” above which the constellated heaven glowed and sparkled with its starry fires. They wandered through coral groves, where in

“Sunlight and seagreen
The thousand palaces were seen.”

The elements were subject to their control; but they, at last, like the airy bubbles of their native element, vanished, leaving no trace of their existence. From their bright and woeless present they dropped into annihilation, and were seen no more forever. The great chasm between them and the human race was made by the possession of a soul by the latter. How could an Undine pass this gulf and win immortality? There was only one possible way by which this treasure could be obtained, and that was by “forming the most intimate union of love” with one of the human family.

Upon this dream of philosophy is built the Romance before us. For this Undine left the crystal domes of the Inner Sea—for this the Knight was led through the haunted forest, amid howling demons, grinning specters, and hissing goblins. From this, as a revolving fire-wheel, fly off brilliant sparkles that meet the eye on every page of this exquisite tale. Whatever else may be thought of, this strange notion, which is entirely worthy of the Fire-Philosophers, this must be conceded, that it involves sentiments of the highest order. As there is among men nothing nobler, or more god-like than the soul, so can there be no loftier ambition than to obtain it. This was Undine's aim. She resolved to become possessed of this priceless jewel, with the full conviction, that she at the same time incurred the sorrows and sufferings incident to mortal existence.

She knew there was a God; that from Divine power she derived being, but a being flickering and brief as “night's candles.” She looked at

Him from afar. He sat upon the throne of the Heavens, all immortal, which she might never approach. The human race, whose Earth was her Earth, were heirs of immortality. Deathless existence was the bright vision that held her eyes entranced; a life whose wing would never droop in the endless flight of eternity. Such was the aspiration, and to attain to so glorious a height proved to be the destiny of the heroine.

It may appear somewhat inconsistent, that to Undine should be given such qualities of the soul, before she had in reality received one. But consistency abounds when we consider that by Rosicrucian philosophy, not modern systems, is this work to be judged. It did not concern the author how much those notions might differ from his or ours; his duty was to maintain consistency in the parts of that system which he had adopted. Such is the philosophy of the character we are considering. This is the life-giving principle of the work. We shall next view it as a Romance. The term Romance has, in these latter times, been grossly perverted; has been torn from its native limits, and made to render honorable by its presence a base-born race, until itself has incurred obloquy. That elevated, towering nature, that made it over-arch the prosy commonness of life, and like "the bridge of colors seven," bear the enraptured soul to the very skies, has been to a great degree lost in common language. Some have made it synonymous with fiction. Some have called fiction its foundation and vitality; while others have used both indiscriminately to represent mere untruths. Fiction may be simply something feigned, whatever its purpose or object; but Romance, in its proper signification, is the uplifting of the imagination to the highest and noblest conceptions of which the mind is capable. It is the uttered reveries of a powerful yet delicate fancy. Is it then unworthy of a great mind, because it is not regulated by physical laws; because it bears not a political banner; because it is not a theological controversy? No one will claim this. There is a life within us and without, both of which have their events—their acts and actors, and the heroes of the one may be objects of thought and judgment equally with those of the other. The sculptor and the painter have merited, and received the noblest panegyrics, and left behind them the most enviable name, when they have wrought out into palpable, visible forms, those splendid conceptions whose counterpart existed alone in their own brilliant imaginations. These creations of the mind, most of all things, show the divinity that presides in man. Are they not realities? As much as are Grecian statues or Roman monuments. That they are not palpable—that the gross hand cannot touch them, does not at all prove their non-existence. They have being. And that mind which cannot find the highest pleasure

in contemplating its own unembodied creations, is yet too much the slave of matter.

If this view of Romance appear somewhat ultra, zeal has led us to it, because, as has been said, its character has been vilely traduced. Its name has been attached to volumes of fiction, which were mere distorted caricatures of man's lowest thoughts and emotions.

Undine, however, in a remarkable degree, possesses the primitive features of Romance ; at the outset the reader finds himself on the circle of a new world. He enters. It is a world complete, yet novel. Strange scenes and unexpected forms meet him on every hand. The changes are quick, brilliant and pleasing as the metamorphosis of magic. He looks around for the magician, but none is visible ; still he feels that a wand is waving near, grasped by the hand of Genius. The scenes pass by like a beautiful panorama, on which the painted forms are living beings. He scarcely heeds the departure of the last, but seems to be grasping at the echoes, till they one by one drop asleep upon the breast of Silence, and leave him alone with his dream.

It seems almost impossible that the pitch of interest could be much higher, or much better sustained. And this is positively essential to a Romance of the first order. No one peruses it as a scientific treatise is studied, for the sake of accumulating facts and familiarizing principles ; curiosity must be excited at every step, impelling the reader right onward, absorbing his whole attention, until forgetting everything else he lives in the narration, rejoices with the happy, weeps with the sorrowful, and in fine lends his soul to every emotion and passion that each successive development may require.

There are Romances in which a kind of gloomy grandeur is far more prominent, and there are those in which there is more uninterrupted sunshine ; but Undine mingles these elements in a manner that uniformly pleases. We do not call this grand or sublime. But there is in it an elevated purity, an appealing to the noblest emotions of the human soul, an unadorned simplicity that more than compensates.

There are greater Romances, but few more charming and instructive. We close the book, but have seen a vision whose remembrance will not be lost for many a year.

We are again met by false notions and contracted views when we would speak of the *poetry* of Undine. That nothing is a poem that has not rhythm and rhyme was a theory, but is no more. It is no longer doubted that there is prose in poetry and poetry in prose. Such a change of sentiment shows that the general mind is getting a clearer and more correct view of this subject. It is a matter of record, that there were "Am-

atory poems in the shape of roses, looking-glasses, fans and ladies' gowns ; drinking songs in the shape of wine-glasses, bottles, and flagons ; religious verses in the shape of pulpits and altars ; rhymed epitaphs in the shape of tomb-stones ; and not to mention flying angels, and trumpets of fame, there were patriotic odes in the shape of Grecian temples, and Egyptian Pyramids." What then is poetry ? It is something more than metrical composition,—something more than simply building stanzas by the arsis and thesis. No word will define it. No sentence can express its full meaning. Its definition may be found written out in the great poems of the world, those monuments which Genius has erected for all time. Every man may see its birth-place by turning his eye within. The invisible and spiritual must always precede the embodiment. But on what is founded Undine's claim to poetry ?

Its effect upon the reader's mind resembles those of great poems. Not only is this true generally and in the main, but there are some elegant exemplifications of particular analogies. Also the expression of its emotions finds an echo in the natural poetry of the soul—"the divine harmony within." And besides thus appealing to the passions for proofs, the intellect recognizes in it poetic features ; sees and knows at a glance, by a kind of intuition, that it was born on the Parnassus of the soul. Thus without and within lie the ungathered flowers of poetry, although their locations were not the result of care. When the ebullition of passion, which submerged the soul, had subsided, the jewel was set; but what spirit-hand placed it there the storm of emotion conceals. If bold conceptions and beautiful imagery belong naturally to poetry, its claim in these respects at least stands good. The descriptions are not the work of a second-rate hand, but of an accomplished master. Its machinery indeed is superior to that of some poems which the world have agreed to admire and retain. It was borrowed from a source that furnished Pope with material for one of his finest productions. In truth the question constantly arises in the mind, why was not Undine composed in the form of a poem, since it possesses so many poetic qualities. The creations are original and unique. They are not merely a new assemblage of old forms, but something positively novel, such as we could not have met with before.

Undine possesses no languishing sentimentalism ; its muse is not one "that soft and sickly woes"—the argument is higher. It discourses of love, it is true, for everything good and great owes something to love—the spirit of malevolence dare never set itself up for supreme admiration ; but its love, burning and ardent as the heart of Passion itself, comes through the intellect purified though not abated.

We cannot quit this topic without noticing briefly the character of

Undine. Before she receives a soul it is strangely attractive. She seems as fickle as her native element—her thoughts are wild and mysterious, and her conduct exceedingly perplexing. Now she is sprightly as youth itself—bright as summer sunshine, and again gratifies her sullen humor amid roaring torrents, crashing forests, and terrific tempests in the gloom of night. Thus it continues, extreme following extreme—now this—now that, no stability—nothing definable. But over all there is an inexpressible loveliness, that surprises while it charms.

When the great turning point in her history arrives—when a mere being is elevated to immortality, a wonderful change comes over her. Before all was “incarnate passion;” now the soul with its mysterious union with mortality, its wide scope of vision embracing Heaven, Earth and Hell, all the hidden events of an endless future, mantles the wild merriment in dignity and womanly reserve.

Such a character when once conceived in the mind, though unembodied, can never be forgotten—its beauties will charm the memory forever. Thus it is with the great creations of the imagination; they become woven into our very being, a part of life itself; a dream when we dream, and when we awake a reality. He is the greatest who from his own resources creates and discloses to the minds of his fellow men a new character, whose remembrance and influence shall be coeternal with the heroes of the world.

C. D. H.



Letters.

I DISLIKE exceedingly the phrase, “a beautiful letter.” I am no better pleased with those who speak of “fine” letters. It is too common of late to instruct people to give the appearance of a finished production, to that which should be the frank expression of their wishes or communication of their ideas. I am more pleased to receive a note from a child-friend who tells me in his boyish prattle, of his little joys and griefs, than to get a missive from one who, I wager, has corrected the sheet I am reading, four or five times, before sending it to the post.

Yes, take away this Cowper, and give me that packet you will find in the drawer, full of warm gushing emotions that speak to me of a heart which, whatever it may be to the world, greets me with its living fountains of sympathy and love. It minds me of a heart that is not cankered by formality and stiffness. It brings me back to youth again,

and I feel ten years stronger than before. I know that the writers of a few are saying what they feel, and have not stopped to dress their thoughts in courtly language, and I thank them for it. Put back this Gray, and let me revel while I may in this language of the heart. It makes me better than I was; bringing up the memory of other days, when I was careless as the writer. I would give much to be so now. When the world has grown even more thoroughly selfish than at present, let me never see a letter, written as the feelings dictate, but until then I protest against these new-fashioned ideas. They invade the most hallowed objects of my affection.

I prize my "letters received," as the best evidences of character I can obtain. Let me read this one first. It is cold and formal. I know at a glance from whom it comes. He is a morose worldling who would blot all affection from existence. Here is one so very precise, that you involuntarily drop it, afraid that you have committed sacrilege by touching it. You almost start to get it framed, so coldly Platonic is it, that you fear lest it should be defiled. It is the production of one of those staid, methodical personages so common in every community, who are always preaching—"A place for everything and everything in its place"—mayhap from a boarding school mistress who has answered your application for the entrance of your sister. She tells you she can come—underscores the words, "all possible attention paid to the morals of the pupils;" and half intimates that she wonders at your addressing *her* without the prefatory title of "Respected." You breathe easier when it is finished, and thank heaven that you are not "as this mortal." Here may be one from an instructor, at your preparatory school. He loves you, you feel assured—would be happy to see you take your share of College honors; in fact, this very letter is written with a spirit of kindness, to urge you to tell him why you have not done as well as he expected. But for what reason should he throw around his very affection, words which deaden its influence, and fall like lead upon the heart? Why will he bind an incubus upon the love he so clearly feels? Yet he does so, and you lay aside your sheet with the feeling, "that you don't care, he cannot have realized your difficulties." So the letter has gone unanswered.

Now you take one from home. You hasten to unfold it—throw away the envelope, (for a season only, for that too is precious,) and the first words rivet your attention. Here is no deceit. It is a breathing of sincere hopes, an utterance of true love. In comparison, you esteem the former as of no value. No person who was a hypocrite wrote that, and you imagine you will not find another like it. How it dwells upon your prospects—how it tells you of the hopes you are expected to fulfill—

how it nerves you for the contest of life! And it is because it is written easily, that you love it. Drape the same in any other manner, and it loses its charm. Ha! ha! a conventional mother's-letter! The very idea makes you laugh heartily. Why, bless your honest heart, my learned friend, I don't want you or any one else to instruct my friends to write me polished letters. There are two different paths in the world for us to go in, if you do, for so long as I am not a walking dictionary, you and I will be at variance.

As you look over your letters you come to one package you have tied with a black tape. And if possible, you have folded these more carefully than the last—for their very presence is eloquent of one who takes now that

“—rest more sweet and still,
Than ever nightfall gave ;
In the world beyond the grave.”

and as you reflect that the hand that wrote them is “mouldering in the earth, you sigh with regret. You do not look at them often. They are too sacred. You do not show them; for they have become objects of jealous care.

Are not letters properly written, more important indices of character than you had supposed? Do you not feel like execrating the man who first published “The Complete Letter Writer?” Nay more, will you not strive to avoid labored letters? Talk from your heart to that of your friend, faithfully, else he will neither care for you or your words. A good correspondent is invaluable. He strengthens the ties of friendship while living;—he prepares for a grateful remembrance after death. His letters are gems in the bond of human association. But they must be real diamonds. The cultivated heart shuns paste jewels.

It may be a hard thing to break through habit. You who have written your letters logically, rhetorically, may find it easier to do so now. But once acquired, this *abandon*, as the French have it, will soon vindicate its own claim to supremacy. Before it, the grim phantoms of unmeaning courtesy, dissimilar to true politeness as darkness to light, will fade into the contempt they so richly deserve. Try it for a year, and if your correspondence loses *elegance*, you will find it to have acquired a sincerity you have in vain looked for before. A few have found this out, and it is the secret of the freshness and grace of some of our best series of letters. Do not be behind Nature, if you are behind the times.



Down East and Out West.

“The hills

Rock-ribbed and ancient as the sun : the vales
Stretching in pensive quietness between
The venerable woods: rivers that move
In majesty ; and the complaining brooks,
That make the meadows green.”

* * * * *

“These are the gardens of the desert, these
The unshorn fields, boundless and beautiful,
For which the speech of England hath no name—
The Prairies.”

Bryant.

WILLIS, in speaking of one of the annual gatherings of young men from the various parts of America around the loved shrine of our Alma Mater, says, “It is not thought extraordinary in Europe that the French and English, the German and Italian, should possess distinct national traits: yet one American is supposed to be like every other, although the two between whom the comparison is made, were born and bred as far apart, and in as different latitudes, as the Highland cateran and the brigand of Calabria.” As one daily recognizes the fact here intimated among the youth of Yale, the thought often involuntarily passes through the mind, What are the causes of the differences of character?

Ancestry, Location and Mode of life, have each their respective influence in forming the character of the man. The Pilgrim has transmitted with his blood a goodly share of his austerity and rigid piety even to this day, and the French who dwell upon the Father of Waters are the same merry, careless and indolent race as their fathers who accompanied La Salle and Father Hennepin in their exploration of those lonely savannas and introduced the civilization and the vices of the whiteman to the unsuspecting Indian. The gray old hills of New England nurture among their bleak vales and upon their stubborn soil a hard-faced, hard-fisted yeomanry adapted to the region. The pine woods of Carolina and the tropical exuberance of the Florida wilds send forth from their warm retreats men more passionate, imaginative and volatile. That the mode of life has an effect upon the character of the man is equally evident. The book-keeper is a very different being from the ploughman in his mental as well as physical condition.

It may be interesting to note the effects of these causes upon the New Englander and the inhabitant of the Mississippi Valley.

The New Englanders are as a body the proud descendants of stern fathers. It is their boast that their lineage is that of the Puritans. It is the remembrance of their stern virtues, their inflexible defense of freedom, of person, and of mind, that animates their offspring to show no slack allegiance to the King of kings. True they are sometimes followed too far ; sometimes not far enough. Perhaps we find even now too much of the same spirit that caused the Pharisees of old to make broad their phylacteries—too much regard for outward appearances, unaccompanied by the sincerity of the Puritan's devotion. Still a strong pervading element of New England character is Puritanism.

The Mississippi Valley shows no such union of sentiment, derived from a common parentage and common principles. Settled by the French ; long in the possession of the Spaniards, and, in latter days, the promised land of European immigrants and settlers from the Atlantic coast, it has been and for years will be a mobile, unprecipitated mass, the component parts of which are so variable that the result of the mixture cannot yet be determined.

In the natural features of these two sections we find an essential difference.

New England is "the hill country" of our modern Judea. Like Switzerland, its pine-clad hills and deep valleys, murmuring with a thousand waterfalls ; its rugged soil and harsh climate, that furnish no incitement to ease or voluptuousness, seem designed for a hardy, energetic race. Nor is the design unfulfilled. The old Saxon blood that beat so high in the palmy days of 'merrie England,' has not degenerated in being transferred to the western world. The old German saying,

"Nuremberg's Hand
Geht durch alle Land,"

hardly expresses the energy, enterprise and originality of New England character.

It must be confessed, however, that "a life on the naked soil" has implanted characteristics less provocative of pride and pleasure. The constant striving against unpropitious soil and climate seems to be the cause. Goldsmith says of the Swiss :

"Some sterner virtues o'er the mountain's breast,
May sit like falcons cowering on the nest :
But all the gentler morals, such as play
Through life's more cultured walks and charm the way ;
These, far disposed, on timorous pinions fly,
To sport and flutter in a kinder sky."

But for the refinement introduced by universal education, the same would be, to some extent, true of New England. As it is, we find the people colder in their sympathies, more parsimonious than their countrymen in more favored regions.

If we turn to the States of the West, we shall find nature in a different but no less impressive garb. We shall see mighty rivers hurrying down their ample tributes to the god of Ocean. Forests of lofty trees reach their huge limbs towards heaven, and seem like giants of old to be striving to reach the skies. Broad prairies stretch out, as far as the eye can reach, in monotonous grandeur, green with the verdure of summer and sinking and swelling in the sunlight. The earth pours forth its increase almost at the asking in the profusion of a tropical clime. To use the words of Father Hennepin, uttered more than a century and a half ago, "Nothing is there wanting to lay the foundation of one of the mightiest empires in the world."

What effect do these peculiarities have upon the inhabitants?

"To look on nature in her loftier moods" is an inspiration. Hence perhaps it is that we find the western imagination more extended and magnificent in its conceptions according as the mind is inspired with the grandeur of the primeval forest or the lonely prairie. True this often leads to bombast and the so-called "western eloquence." Imagination unfettered by reason, unpruned by education, takes the single step which alone, we are told, lies between the sublime and the ridiculous. This feature however has made western oratory universally popular, and under better control will become a powerful element.

The fertility of the soil and consequent ease in obtaining a competence, banishes the extreme frugality of the New Englander. Men are more open-hearted and open-handed. The stranger meets a heartier welcome and the friend a readier assistance.

The New Englander's mode of life more resembles that of the old world. The country is growing old; society settled, and children following in the footsteps of their fathers, tread a more and more beaten circle of observation and duty. The Westerner has a wide field. Amid a sparsely settled country he may see fewer men but more diversity—more of nature. The one is thus moulded by society—the other more by nature. The one has those advantages of education and refinement, found almost exclusively in populous communities—the other the freshness and originality that they only possess who dwell amid the murmur of wood and stream, afar from the busy city with a crowded population.

Under these influences we find the New Englander and the Westerner representatives of very different classes of men. The Yankee is moral

and long-faced, even in his sharp trading. The Westerner must swear, even in doing a good action. The New Englander calculates, the Westerner reckons. One feels more than he expresses, the other expresses more than he feels. The pride of one is his acuteness, of the other his bluntness. One solicits popular favors by puppet play, the other by a direct presentation of his own claims and opinions. If we pass over New England we shall find a schoolhouse upon every hillside, a church in every valley, evincing the tendency of the popular mind. We shall find an inquisitive race, a general "wanting to know" and solicitations to "do tell," a cold reception as a stranger, a warm one when the ice is broken: fair daughters, brave sons and wise fathers. We shall see more than one field where our fathers fought for the destinies of the infant nation.

If, on the other hand, we traverse the prairies of the West, we shall encounter a race of men "half horse, half alligator, with a touch of the snapping turtle," able "to whip their weight in wildcats," and bound under all circumstances to "go ahead;" the pioneers of civilization; the haters of Indians; the truest of friends and the noblemen of nature. These are the first wave of the tide of civilization which is rolling westward. In their rear we shall find another class who form the grand body politic, a mixture of all nations, yet possessing many qualities in common. Here we shall find less of the learning of the old States, fewer schoolhouses, fewer churches; a sparse population, and millions of acres where still "the rank thistle nods in the wind and the wild fox digs his hole un-scared." We shall be hail fellows well met with every one we chance to encounter, and even if the unvarying appellative be "stranger," we shall be welcome at every fireside. We shall find everything new. A few traces of another race are around us, but these are fading away even faster than those who left them. Towns are springing up along the river banks as if created like the palace of Alladin, in a single night, and where to-day the prairie flower is blooming to-morrow the rank grain will grow.

Such is New England and such the Great West; either a land for a man to be proud of, and to which he will turn with gladness wheresoever he may have wandered. Rightly does the New Englander exult in his land, and we not one whit the less in ours by the great rivers of the West. We are proud of New England as the home of our fathers, and the home of those who have fled from oppression. And as we look upon the dozen States, and more, included in the Valley of the Mississippi, the millions of inhabitants scattered within its borders, the mere germs of nations yet to be, and read the destiny of the country in what it is, we cannot but feel that here lieth a young giant asleep, whose wakening shall tell upon the destinies of man.

Φ.

Fill a Cup to the Past.

I.

Fill a cup to the Past ! for its sorrows and pain
 We never can know or can suffer again ;
 Its grief and its anguish can never impart
 The shade of its sadness to darken the heart.
 But our joys and our pleasures Time never can steal ;
 As we felt them before, them again shall we feel :
 And while memory roams through the field of the Past,
 Forever their bloom and their freshness will last.

II.

Fill a cup to the Past ! a libation we pour
 To the friends whom we loved, but who now are no more ;
 They have gone from among us, the ardent, the young,
 Their dirge we have chanted, their knell we have rung ;
 And if ever your shade can revisit the earth,
 We welcome you here to our joy and our mirth ;
 Though unseen, be present; your memory dear
 We pledge, and the goblet is crowned by a tear.

III.

Fill a cup to the Past ! from its shades I recall
 The remembrance of her who was dearer than all ;
 Like a glimpse of the sunshine in darkness above
 Was that light that was fanned and was kindled by love.
 And e'en the remembrance can over me throw
 The gleam of that gladness earth cannot bestow.
 Like the rose she unfolded her fragrance and bloom,
 To brighten with beauty the waste of the tomb.

IV.

Fill a cup to the Past ! to its pleasures and woes,
 To our joys and our sorrows, our friends and our foes ;
 To the hopes that breathed brightness, the fancies that cheered,
 The much we desired, and the much that we feared ;
 To each and to all ! we will never regret
 Misfortune and sadness we soon may forget ;
 But the garland of joy culled in love's fairy bower,
 Of that wreath, Time can never e'en wither a flower.

Collegiate Education in the West.

OUR country, comparatively speaking, is all yet in its infancy. At most, the meridian glory of the full grown man, can only be predicted by the overshadowing greatness of the vigorous youth. This, though applicable to the whole of our country, is nevertheless peculiarly the case with that undefinable portion, the "West." Where twenty years ago the savage danced around his fires, and chased the bounding game over the prairies; there towns, cities, and states, have sprung up like exhalations. In the midst of this unprecedent growth in the material comforts of civilized life, Education has not been neglected. Science is peculiarly the child of old established and settled society; the offspring of leisure and wealth; and here only can we look for its greatest achievements. This is too well known to require illustration. From the manner of settlement in the Western States, circumstances have been very unfavorable to the cultivation of mind to that full extent which will ere long be done. While therefore I consider the subject of Collegiate Education in this part of our Union, it will not be by disparagement, but rather with an honest pride that so much has already been accomplished. Besides the disadvantages usually incident to a new country, the heterogeneous character of the population has been unfavorable to strong effort in Education. This is ever severely felt, and as I intend to show, has modified Western literary institutions much to their injury. In this respect the Atlantic States have unquestionably had the advantage. Here one class of inhabitants almost exclusively settled the same district, and hence united effort could be secured. Add to this fact, New England was colonized by a people of high literary character originally, who raised the walls of the dwelling house, the school, (I may almost say the College,) and the church, simultaneously. The Southern and Middle States were generally settled by people of like character, and possessed at least this advantage; though it does not seem that they have profited by it so as to surpass their younger sisters in respect to Colleges. But notwithstanding these untoward circumstances, a disposition was manifested by our western pioneers to lay a firm foundation for Collegiate Education. Most of the states made provision for the establishment of Colleges by grants of land, apportioning a definite amount in each state to be held perpetually for this purpose. These lands were not sold to settlers, but leased for an indefinite period, and at a moderate rent, which income was to found and sustain the College. As soon as the funds were sufficient, proper build-

ings were erected, Professors called from the older states, and a miniature Oxford set "a going." But the State Universities did not satisfy. Many reasons can be assigned for this: such as the increased wants of a growing population, and the wishes of sectarians to establish institutions on bases to suit themselves. In respect to the system of State Universities, amid undoubted beneficial results, there have also been some disagreeable consequences. The Executive Board being chosen by the Legislature, it is too often the case that favoritism has to do with their selection, and unworthy Directors are the result. This added to the fact that the political horoscope frequently changes, and a corresponding change in the Board often occasions trouble between them and the Faculty. I have known several College officers of exemplary worth disgraced, because they happened to have political views at variance with "the powers that be." Some *would be* legislators have likewise held that ministers of the Gospel should not be College officers; which drove the different religious sects to the establishment of Institutions under their immediate direction. The consequence of these various reasons has been the multiplication of Colleges to a degree unprecedented. This, in my opinion, is the parent of nearly all the evils which attend Western Colleges. As a single State University was insufficient to meet the demand, the number of Collegiate institutions is now manifestly greater than necessary. A single state having sixteen Colleges, empowered to confer the usual degrees, must needs be overstocked. Let us consider for a moment the disadvantages of this multiplicity. The founding of a College must necessarily involve a very considerable expense; so much that recent settlers are but ill able to bear it. The undertaking being too large, the work will be imperfectly done; so that when the edifice is finished, there will be nothing left for Libraries, Apparatus, and for Professors' salaries. The young institution being embarrassed after her patrons have exhausted their liberality, will have to struggle with difficulties too great for her strength. Funds being scarce, the expenses must be met by the pupils' fees, and thus there will be a desire to increase the attendance as much as possible. This, unavoidable as it is, leads to easy terms of admission, and elastic government in College; since numbers cannot be dispensed with without greatly endangering the existence of the institution. As rules of discipline become loose, and the grade of scholarship low, the facilities for obtaining degrees will be increased, and hence they will be less valued. All these injurious effects will be heightened by the number of Colleges affected in like manner through want of resources. This state of affairs is not equally the lot of all. Some Colleges in the Western States could be specified, which from their foundations derived

from the state, or other sources, have risen above pecuniary difficulties. Such are Miami University, O., Centre College, Ky., and Asbury University, Ind. Yet the number is a disadvantage which effects all to some extent. If the different and seemingly conflicting interests could be united, there would be Colleges at once in the West which would compare favorably with any in the United States. In the face of all difficulties, the course of instruction is really superior to what is usually supposed in the East. From the age of the country, Professors must be sought elsewhere. Hence, with very few exceptions, they are graduates of Eastern Colleges, or European Universities. Having equal advantages for acquiring education, we cannot reasonably consider them inferior to others. But though many of them would grace a chair of science anywhere, yet they cannot in every instance be as thorough in instructions or as rigid in discipline as they could wish, for reasons enumerated above. However, from the opportunities I have had of observing discipline at Western Colleges and at this place, which is considered the most rigid in its laws of all Eastern Institutions, I must confess the difference is not very greatly in its favor. The Literary advantages are there, as in every place, far more than are improved.

Respecting the grade in scholarship, the greatest want is in the classics. There is a good reason for this which will be specified hereafter. In the Natural and Moral Sciences, the instructions are full, and the improvement such as would be highly creditable anywhere. There is no reason that it should be otherwise. Improvement depending more on strength of mind than careful drilling, progress can be made there as well as elsewhere. But the early part of the College course depending more on long and careful preparation in the learned languages, the attainments are not so good. This, as above said, has an evident cause, which consists in the very imperfect means of obtaining a proper "fit" for College, for which the preparatory schools are entirely inadequate. In truth, there can scarcely be said to be one Academy of the right character, to prepare the numerous candidates for the more advanced course. The number seems to be in an inverse ratio to that of Colleges. Were three fourths of the latter turned into Academies, after the Andover and Exeter stamp, the most beneficial results would be secured at once. But when a person proposes to take a Collegiate course, he must employ as a teacher some professional character, who, by reason of time and multiplicity of duties, has lost the greater part of his classical knowledge. The disadvantage of employing such a teacher will be evident. The remuneration obtained from one or two pupils will not justify close attention and preparation, even if other duties would permit.

Hence the student can receive little more than the mere name of reciting under a teacher. This must be the case under like circumstances anywhere. Academies being wanting, and private instruction precarious, the pupil must depend in a great measure on his own effort for preparation. Imperfection resulting, the early course in College will be embarrassed, and passed over without the usual advantages. This must undoubtedly be looked upon as by far the greatest difficulty with which Western Colleges have to contend. They receive students imperfectly fitted, and cannot fully remedy the defect. Another disadvantage which students are subjected to, is that they cannot be regular. In every new country, nearly all must labor at least part of the time. Farmers' sons leave the plough to attend College one session, and then from studying, return to practice the "Georgics." These, however, are the evils of a particular period in the settlement of every country. Time and experience will cure them all. But in the face of such disadvantages, Western Colleges have done, and are doing a good work. They furnish the means of a good education; which, if not as complete and thorough in every instance as could be desired, are nevertheless as well adapted to the condition of the people as could be expected. They afford instruction cheap; in most instances the prices being scarcely half that in New England Colleges. This, together with the general cheapness of living there, make the terms of obtaining an education still more easy for the indigent.

Considering all things, I believe that Western Colleges offer greater advantages, compared to expenses, than any other in our country. They have had to struggle with their greatest difficulties; the "middle passage" is over, and now they are placed on a more nearly equal footing with their older sisters. It is questionable whether Yale or Harvard numbered as many Alumni in the first twenty years of their existence, as some new Colleges which could be specified. One thing is certain, their grade of scholarship for the same period was far below. Though our new seats of learning number Alumni as yet by hundreds, time will soon make them thousands, and their energy of character, combined with filial reverence for the young *Mothers*, will make these the honor and pride of our country.

C. R.

Valentines.

MESSRS. EDITORS:—Although you will find nothing peculiar in the following correspondence—nothing which seems different from ordinary Valentines—I think you will agree with me that it is true to nature. How I came into possession of it is of no consequence; nor is it any matter whether it is real or fictitious. But knowing as I do the circumstances under which it was written, I can say that it is the aim of the writer to hit off a certain practice common here in Yale, of corresponding with boarding school girls, whose acquaintance has been formed by means of the annual catalogues of the Institutions. Whether or not he has succeeded, you must be the judge. Believing you to be desirous of giving in your Magazine every phase of College life, with this explanation, I submit the correspondence to your consideration. x.

PHILADELPHIA, Feb. 14th, 1852.

My Dear Mr. F——:

Do you recollect meeting in the Cars while traveling last summer, a young lady just returning from boarding school? Perhaps you do not—indeed it is more than probable that you do not—but I have never forgotten you. Your face, so long remembered, has been before me in the hours of gayety and sadness. When mingling with the home circle around the domestic hearth, or when joining in the witching dance, your face has been ever near to me, and I could not forget it.

I know that it was wrong thus to indulge in dreams of the future—beautiful fancies—too bright, too joyous, to be ever realized; but if you have ever felt a deep, a strong devotion, to any earthly object—if your soul has ever gone forth like the dove of old, and has found no object on which to rest itself—then, and then only, can you know and sympathize in my feelings.

You may think it strange that I should thus portray the feelings of my heart to one who judges himself a total stranger to me. You cannot think otherwise, but trusting to your generous nature, your manly heart, and relying on your generous nature, I venture to entrust to you those sentiments which have so long been buried in my heart. Forgive, but do not forget your own devoted

ANGELINA.

P. S. Direct to A. B. J——, No. — Chestnut St., Philadelphia.

YALE COLLEGE, Feb. 17th, 1852.

My Dearest Angelina:

"Do you not know who I am?" "How in the world should I know who you are?" "Why, sir, I am the Mayor of the City of New Haven." "Well, I don't care a hang."

The foregoing confab, which took place between the worthy chief magistrate of this city, and a short, chubby, jolly, frolicsome classmate of mine, on a certain night of a calliathump serenade, was brought very forcibly to my mind on perusing a valentine purporting to be from the person to whom this is addressed. I must, however, here mention that at the time of its reception, I was in no fit mood to be wooed and won—no, not even by Venus herself. Four hours of hard riding and tedious waiting at railroad stations, the day previous—a consequent tardiness at the vesper meal, exceedingly unusual for me, and almost amounting to that of the venerable Daniel Tucker, Esq.,—highly interesting and even exciting scenes far into the 'sma' hours'—a short allowance of sleep, and that frequently interrupted by a constant absence of caloric from my nether limbs—all this concatenation of heterogeneous circumstances, to which must be added the pleasing prospect of hot coffee and buttered rolls, had the effect to render me, at about fifteen minutes before eight this morning, decidedly averse to any correspondence at all, and particularly to that of an amatory nature. Receiving your note then, under these conditions, I could not, as I rolled over in bed to peruse its contents, but bring to my mind the situation of my jolly classmate, to which allusion has been made. But as I lay there with my head resting on my elbows, in a meditative mood, I came to the conclusion that, as your postscript implies that you expect a reply, I would attempt one. In doing this I know of no better method than to take up the several topics and give you my views in respect to them.

You ask, first—Do you recollect meeting in the cars, while traveling last summer, a young lady just returning from boarding school? In answer to this, your first inquiry, I have to say that I have no such recollection whatever—and, moreover, I would add that it is not my practice, when traveling, to be on the lookout for boarding-school misses going home to see their mammas. I have at times, it is true, gone down to the depot here in New Haven, when we have received intelligence from certain boarding-schools in Massachusetts that their vacation was about to commence, and that a bevy of feminines might be expected. But this, you will readily perceive, is a far different case.

There is another point in this inquiry which I wish to notice. You do not particularize the place in which you were so fortunate as to catch the

first glimpse of my delectable countenance, nor do you mention any circumstances of our meeting, by which I might recall that meeting to my memory. This leads me to think that you never did meet me at all, nor have ever heard of me except through the annual catalogue of the College; or, perhaps, through newspaper notices of the many distinguished posts of honor which I have held during my stay here. I have also another reason for believing that you have never seen me. If, as you intimate, our only meeting was on the cars, how could you have known that the person you then saw bears the name which the envelope of your Valentine does? Possibly, however, you may have had the exquisite pleasure of gazing on my benign countenance, and have sufficient reason for restraining from mentioning any circumstances which would recall yours to me. You may be unwilling to inflict upon my mental vision any sight which would be unpleasant or disagreeable to me. For this you may have two reasons. You may fear that such a sight would be an antidote, as it were, to your letter, or you may be actuated by motives of the purest benevolence. In either case you are perfectly excusable. But I would rather place the matter on a different footing and suppose that you are a damsel as fair as the Houris—for no other, I am sure, would have the audacity to fall in love with so handsome a young man as myself—and have been prevented from disclosing yourself more fully to me by that innate modesty which is so characteristic of your whole letter.

You next speak of having my face constantly before your eyes. It is present at your going out and your coming in, at your lying down and at your rising up. Well, I am very glad to hear that any one has been able to take my picture. Of late, several quite unsuccessful efforts at this very thing have been made. The art of Daguerre and also that of lithography have in vain been called into requisition for this purpose. Cupid it would seem by your statement has been more successful. Before leaving this part of your letter I would simply suggest to you the propriety of reciprocating this favor, for since you are in possession of my portrait it is no more than fair that I should be in possession of yours.

You now go on to confess to the sinfulness of indulging in dreams of the future—beautiful fancies—too joyous to be ever realized you say. Here are two facts which I am glad to find—first, that there is in your character a disposition to acknowledge your wrong doings; and, second, that you have no expectation that your fond hopes will ever be realized. In this connection, too, you mention the only conditions on which I can sympathize with you. If these be, indeed, the only conditions then surely I fear you will be deprived of the sympathy of him on whom your fondest hopes have centred; for I can assure you that whenever I have

permitted my soul to go forth like the dove of old, it has found an object on which to rest itself. I am sorry for your sake, that such is the case. I regret that you are thus deprived of my sympathy, for I think you greatly need it—but so it is—and under these circumstances, I can do nothing more for your so desperate case than offer for your consolation the good old maxim, “Γενν ανδ βεσαγ ιε.”

“You may think it strange,” you say, “that I should thus portray the feelings of my heart to one who judges himself a total stranger to me.” Not at all. I do not wonder that you venture to entrust to me those sentiments which have so long been buried in your bosom. It is perfectly natural for the spell-bound songster of the forest when the fascinations of its charmer have become irresistible, to fly to its deadly embrace. You speak here of my generous nature, my manly heart and my honor. Now I beg leave to ask how do you know that I have a generous nature, a manly heart, or any honor at all. For aught you know to the contrary, I may be possessed of a nature as ungenerous as that of a Shylock, a heart as wanting in manliness as that of an Iago—or I may be as destitute of honor as a Judas. Yet as it is truly said that guessing is as good as anything when one guesses right, we will let this pass.

Your closing prayer, “Forgive, but do not forget,” I will surely grant. The former part, were it neither leap year nor St. Valentine’s day, I should grant, for I was always taught to forgive others their trespasses. In regard to the latter, I am sure I shall never forget you, for I believe it is universally held that a person can never forget what he never knew.

With sentiments of peculiar regard, and affections the natural results of our mutual acquaintance,

I remain, Yours, as ever,

J. L. F.—

Phonograph.

THE writing and printing reformation naturally divides itself into two branches, Phonography and Phonotypy. Phonography is something which may be of immediate utility to us as young men who will hereafter make much use of the pen, but Phonotypy, that is, printing by sounds, would engage us, chiefly as an improvement which may confer an immense benefit on following generations. While the phonetic principle has been accepted, as the foundation of a correct orthography by

eminent men, among whom are Dr. Benjamin Franklin, Sir William Jones and Bishop Wilkins; and a committee of the American Academy of Arts and Sciences,* there has not yet, we believe, been established a system of phonytypic characters upon which all the friends of the reform could unite as a permanent basis. For these reasons we will confine our notice to the single subject of Phonography which alone is inviting and ample enough. However, the claims of Phonography to be a philosophical scheme of the largest scope and most benficitent intention, may be received, it is undeniably an art of great convenience. Whatever multiplies the power of the pen five fold and multiplies thus much the utility of an art so variously applied deserves consideration for its every day benefits, if it is denied respect as a science.

The capability of Phonography to do the offices of ordinary writing, in correspondence, in book-keeping, in authorship, and to do them with manifold speed and with entire legibility, is not merely theory. At this moment voluminous letters are passing which were written almost with the rapidity of utterance; editors are throwing off articles with a speed and comfort which were unknown by the tedious process of the old script; clergymen are penning their sermons without that manual labor which renders the composition of forty pages per week so irksome; lawyers take down the words of witness with a new facility; authors save two thirds of their valuable time by dictating to phonographic amanuenses, while all over the country the wit and wisdom and eloquence of lecturers and statesmen are gathered up, with an ease, accuracy and cheapness which were not known before.

But we do not demand that Phonography be accepted as a substitute for the hand-writing in general use, until it is shown that our orthography is essentially vicious and that the phonetic principle is philosophically correct; and if these are admitted there is no question that Phonography as writing is superior to, and ought to supersede, any chirography now in vogue.

The change to Phonetic spelling is indeed a radical one, but I apprehend it is only a return to the original idea of written language. The English has widely departed from that idea, so that by reason of the variations in pronunciation whereby letters which were once enunciated are now silent, by the introduction of foreign words spelled on the principle of foreign languages and especially by reason of the inadequacy of the characters to represent the elementary sounds, in consequence of which many of the letters have various powers and are formed into nu-

* Report on Phonotypy, Aug. 19, 1846.

merous combinations to represent the same simple sounds, our orthography has come at this time to be governed by such anomalous, recondite and arbitrary rules as encumber no other science. There must be a reform, or millions of children who will speak our tongue, must undergo the useless labor of mastering the irregularities before they possess the key to the knowledge which is in books, and millions more will find reading and writing unattainable. Rapp, in the *Physiologic der Sprache* says of the English that it has acquired "an incomparable fluency, and appears especially adapted by nature, more than any one of the living, to undertake the part of the universal tongue out of Europe. Were not the impediment of a bizarre, antiquated orthography in the way, the universality of the language would be more apparent; and it may, perhaps, be said to be fortunate for us other Europeans, that the Englishman has not made the discovery."* Obviously in any reform proposed, words should be spelled as they are pronounced and not differently, that is, an alphabet should be derived from a thorough analysis of the language, which would furnish a single character to express unambiguously each separate sound, and a word should be represented by the succession of letters which represent the different sounds of which the whole pronunciation is made up. Such an alphabet would embrace about thirty-six letters for simple sounds and six or seven for compound sounds for which it is desirable to have characters. This system is phonetic.

But is the writing system which has been formed upon this principle scientific, and does it unite in the highest degree the qualities of simplicity, brevity and legibility? We cannot give here a full description of phonography, nor has the printer the type to illustrate an explanation. In general terms we may say, the consonants and the vowels are separately classed—the consonant skeleton of the word is written connectedly and the vowels are afterwards appended, as in the Hebrew. The consonant outlines unite in convenient and elegant forms and can be contracted under a few simple rules, so that the briefer the sign the more it expresses. A single stroke of the pen often makes a syllable or a word. Phonography here appears in advantageous contrast with the old writing which requires from two to seven motions of the hand for every letter, and when we remember that in almost every word there are superfluous letters, we see how it is that Phonography is so expeditious and long hand so cumbersome; that while the one follows with delightful activity the words of a speaker—the other trammels "our living flocks of thought as they trudge it slowly and wearily down the pen

* Quoted in American Academy's Report on Phonography.

and along the paper hindering each other as they struggle through the straight gate of the old hand writing."

In Phonography as in the Hebrew an experienced reader will dispense for the most part with the vowel signs. It is even easier to do without them, for the eye is not embarrassed by so complicated a form. Brevity is further obtained by the use of *word-signs*, which are parts of words taken to represent its whole. They are established by usage and rather assist legibility, than otherwise.

In practice this system is found to be entirely *natural*. This would be expected from the manner in which it was formed. It was not compounded of the heterogeneous remains of incongruous alphabets, with too many letters for some sounds and none for others—but beginning *de novo* with an analysis of the language and of simple mathematical figures it assigned to the most frequent sounds the most simple and convenient symbols, always accomplishing a result with the least manual labor, so that legibility was not sacrificed.

This art has many friends in college, a few of them expert in using it, and more wishing for the skill to daguerreotype the flowing words of the speaker, without putting forth the effort to acquire it. For ourselves this has been a pleasant task. The philosophical simplicity and the large results made it as fascinating as poetry; and now when it is to some degree our own, and novelty has been worn off by possession, a more sober view of its advantages does not diminish our estimation of its value. Lifting our contemplation from its hooks, dots and circles, we may indulge the imagination with a pleasing prospect of its utilities; we may expect that the art which bestows additional power on writing; the great instrument of business, the solace of friendship, the vehicle to authors, will exert on human affairs an influence something like printing, if not as great, yet certainly as happy.

Literary Notice.

AMERICAN WHIG REVIEW. Published Monthly by CHAMPION BISSELL, at 120 Nassau Street, New York.

The name of the present publisher of this well-known Review is that of an old acquaintance, a College friend, and what is more—a frequent contributor, in days gone by, to the pages of our own Magazine. He was one of the good old sort, who wrote well, wrote frequently, and *paid his subscription promptly*,—so that, as in duty bound, we cordially wish success to “C. B.” of the Class of 1850.

The Review has for its primary object the support of the known principles, measures and men of the united Whig party, and as such has been cordially commended by Webster, Choate, Winthrop, Butler King, and a score of others. Each number is embellished with a portrait of some eminent member of that party, often in connection with a biographical sketch. The March number, for instance, which happens to be before us, has a portrait of the Hon. Wm. A. Graham, the Secretary of the Navy.

But although Politics is the main concern of the Whig Review, Literature receives no little attention. Indeed, in the last number, quite as many of the articles were suited to the general as to the merely political reader. Such are the pieces on the “American Drama,” “Female Poets,” and “Traditions of Tennessee.”

We acknowledge that we feel some pride in seeing one who was so recently among us, engaged as the conductor of so able a Review, and we doubt not that those who knew him here, will be glad to pass the word as to his present position, and perhaps send him their own names as *paying* subscribers. We presume that such subscribers are quite as acceptable in New York, if not as rare, as they are in New Haven—to the Whig Review as to the Yale Literary. Those who do not now want a political Review may be glad of one when they are out of College, and to such Yalensians, the one which is before us especially commends itself, having originated with the lamented Colton of the Class of 1840, and being now conducted by another graduate of Yale. Our recommendation of its ability is quite unnecessary, after the praises it has received from the Statesmen named above.

Memorabilia Yalensis.

BERKELEIANI REDIVIVI.

In our last number we published a list of the Berkeleian Scholars, with the statement that, owing to the loss of the original record, the work was wholly one of restoration; and as we had to depend upon the personal recollection of individuals for facts, dating back sixty years or more, it was stated that the list was probably imperfect. Since then the missing record, which had hitherto resisted all search, has been accidentally discovered, and as it is desirable that the corrections should be made at once, we publish the whole list in the present number, in its corrected and complete form. This ancient document, in addition to this information, contains other

matter relative to the Berkeleian Fund of an interesting nature. There is recorded in it a complete list of all who have received the premiums for Latin composition, to the close of the last century. The autograph signatures of those who have received the fund, both for scholarships and the smaller premiums, dating from 1733, add to the interest of the records. There is also a memorandum made by President Stiles, by which it seems that the farm in Rhode Island was leased in the year 1769 for the term of 999 years; with the annual rent of 100 oz. of silver until 1789, thence to 1810 for 126 oz. of silver, and thence to the end of the term for 210 bushels of wheat; this has since been commuted for the payment of 140 dollars.

LIST OF THE BERKELEIAN SCHOLARS.

1733. Rev. Benjamin Pomeroy, D. D. Rev. Eleazar Wheelock, D.D., <i>Pres.</i> <i>Dart. Coll.</i>	1758. Rev. Seth Pomeroy, <i>Tut. Y. C.</i> James Usher.
1734. Benjamin Nicoll. William Wolcott, <i>Tutor Yale Coll.</i>	1754. Rev. John Devotion. Rev. Justus Forward.
1735. Rev. Aaron Burr, <i>Pres. Coll. New Jersey.</i> Rev. James Lockwood, <i>Tut. Y. C.</i> Elisha Williams. Samuel Williams.	1755. Rev. Luke Babcock. Moses Bliss. Rev. Nehemiah Strong, <i>Tutor and Prof. Yale Coll.</i>
1736. Rev. Nathan Birdseye. Rev. Silas Leonard.	1756. Robert Breck. Hon. Simeon Strong, LL. D., <i>Judge Sup. Ct. Mass.</i>
1737. Rev. Mark Leavenworth. Rev. Gideon Mills.	1757. Hon. Edmund Fanning, LL. D. <i>Gov. Pr. Edw. Is.</i> Hon. Titus Hosmer, <i>Rep. U. S. Cong.</i>
1738. Hon. Phinehas Lyman, <i>Tut. Y. C.</i> Rev. Chauncey Whittlesey, <i>Tut. Y. C. Coll.</i>	1758. Rev. Benjamin Boardman, <i>Tut. Y. C.</i> Hon. Silas Deane, <i>Rep. U. S. Cong., Minister to France.</i> Rev. Roger Viets.
1739. Solomon Welles. William Williams.	1759. Rev. Enoch Huntington. Alexander King. Jesse Leavenworth. Rev. Matthew Merriam.
1740. Rev. Jacob Johnson. Hon. John Worthington, LL. D., <i>Tutor Yale Coll.</i>	1760. Rev. Levi Hart, D. D. Woodbridge Little. Rev. Ebenezer Russell White, <i>Tutor Yale Coll.</i>
1741. Rev. Richard Mansfield, D. D. Rev. Noah Welles, D. D., <i>Tut. Yale Coll.</i>	1761. Hadlock Marcy.
1742. Jared Ingersoll.	1762. Rev. Theodore Hinsdale. Rev. Joseph Huntington, D. D. William Jones.
1743. Rev. Thomas Arthur.	1763. Rev. Ebenezer Baldwin, <i>Tut. Y. C.</i> Amos Botsford, <i>Tutor Yale Coll.</i> Hon. Stephen Mix Mitchell, LL. D., <i>Tut. Yale Coll., Rep. and Sen. U. S. Cong., Ch. Judge Sup. Ct. of Conn.</i>
1744. Hon. Wm. Sam'l Johnson, LL. D., <i>Judge Sup. Ct. of Conn., Rep. and Sen. U. S. Cong., Pres. Col. Coll.</i>	1764. Rev. Samuel Camp. Rev. Diodate Johnson, <i>Tut. Y. O.</i> Chauncey Whittlesey.
1745. Rev. Warham Williams, <i>Tut. Yale Coll.</i> Thaddeus Betts, M. D. Rev. Jonathan Colton.	1765. Roswell Grant. Rev. Joseph Howe, <i>Tut. Y. C.</i>
1746. Rev. Pelatiah Webster.	1766. Hon. Jonathan Ingersoll, LL. D. <i>Judge Sup. Ct., and Lt. Gov. of Conn.</i>
1747. Rev. Aaron Hutchinson.	
1748. Rev. Naphthal Daggett, D.D., <i>Pres. Yale Coll.</i> Rev. William Johnson.	
1749. Hon. James Abraham Hillhouse, <i>Tutor Yale Coll.</i>	
1750. Elihu Tudor, M. D.	
1751. Rev. Judah Champion.	
1752. Henry Babcock. Gurdon Saltonstall.	

1767. Rev. Joseph Lyman D. D.
Hon. John Treadwell, LL. D. *Gov. of Conn.*
Hon. John Trumbull, LL. D., *Tut. Y. C., Judge Sup. Court Conn.*
Rev. Samuel Wales, D. D., *Tutor and Prof. Yale Coll.*
1768. Rev. Amzi Lewis.
Josiah Norton.
Rev. Elijah Parsons.
Rev. Seth Sage.
Buckingham St. John, *Tut. Y. C.*
1769. Rev. Timothy Dwight, D.D., LLD.
Tutor, Prof. and Pres. of Y. C.
Rev. John Keep.
Rev. William Seward.
1770. Rev. Joseph Buckminster, D. D.,
Tutor Yale Coll.
Hon. John Davenport, *Tutor Yale Coll., Rep. U. S. Cong.*
Rev. Solomon Williams, *Tut. Y. C.*
1771. John Hart.
Sylvester Muirson.
Joseph Woodbridge.
1772. Hon. Abraham Baldwin, *Tut. Y. C. Pres. Univ. Geo., Rep. and Sen. U. S. Cong.*
Thomas Canfield.
Rev. Joseph Strong, D. D.
1773. Roger Alden.
Rev. William Robinson, *Tut. Yale Coll.*
Rev. Ezra Sampson.
1774. Amos Benedict.
Jared Bostwick.
Rev. Reuben Holcomb.
1775. Hon. Samuel Whittlesey Dana,
Rep. and Sen. U. S. Cong.
Rev. Solomon Reed.
Benjamin Welles.
1776. Hon. Chauncey Goodrich, *Tutor Yale Coll., Rep. & Senator U. S. Cong., Lt. Gov. of Conn.*
Daniel Lyman.
William Andrew Russell.
1777. Dudley Baldwin.
William Hillhouse.
1778. Abraham Bishop.
Ebenezer Daggett.
Rev. Frederick William Hotchkiss.
1779. Hon. Jeremiah Gates Brainard,
Judge Sup. Ct. of Conn.
Hon. Elizur Goodrich, LL. D., *Tutor and Prof. of Yale Coll., Rep. U. S. Cong.*
1780. Rev. Zebulon Ely, *Tutor Yale Coll.*
Oliver Lewis.
Rev. John Robinson.
1781. Rev. Henry Channing, *Tut. Y. C.*
Enoch Perkins, *Tutor Yale Coll.*
1782. (None.)
1783. Rev. Samuel Austin, D. D., *Pres. Univ. Vt.*
Rev. Jonathan Fuller.
Rev. Abiel Holmes, D. D., *Tutor Yale Coll.*
Charles White.
1784. Ralph Isaacs.
1785. Enoch Huntington.
Hon. Barnabas Bidwell, LL. D.,
Tut. Y. C., Rep. U. S. Cong.
Enos Cook.
Roger Newton, *Tut. Y. C.*
Samuel Perkins.
1786. Rev. John Elliot, D. D.
Hon. Thomas Ruggles Gold, *Rep. U. S. Cong.*
Hon. Stanley Griswold, *Senator U. S. Cong.*
Rev. Reuben Hitchcock.
Rev. William Stone.
1787. Roswell Judson.
1788. Zachariah Tomlinson.
Hon. John Woodworth, LL. D.,
Judge Sup. Ct. of New York.
1789. Rev. Dan Bradley.
Rev. William Brown.
Jona Walter Edwards, *Tut. Y. Col.*
1790. Thomas Mumford.
1791. Barzillai Slosson.
Hon. Josiah Stebbins, *Tut. Y. Col.*
1792. Rev. Timothy Mather Cooley, D.D.
Rev. Isaac Jones.
Nathaniel King.
1793. Rev. Jeremiah Atwater, D. D., *Tut. Y. C., Pres. Mid. & Dick. Coll.*
1794. Stephen Mix Mitchell.
1795. Ebenezer Grant Marsh, *Tut. and Hebr. Inst. Y. C.*
1796. (None.)
1797. Rev. Ira Hart.
Rev. James Murdock, D. D., *Prof. Univ. Vt. and And. Theol. Sem.*
1798. James Burnet.
Daniel Fuller.
1799. Benjamin Woolsey Dwight.
Rev. Ezekiel Jones Chapman.
1800. Samuel Gray Huntington.
Abiram Stoddard.
Chauncey Whittlesey.
1801. Isaac Baldwin.
Alcis Evelyn Hart.
1802. Hon. Jesup Nash Couch, *Judge Sup. Ct. Ohio.*
Rev. William Lightbourn Strong.
1803. Rev. Sereno Edwards Dwight, D.D.,
Tut. Y. C., Pres. Ham. Coll.
Rev. Noah Porter, D. D.
Rev. Henry Sherman.
Rev. Hosea Beckley.

1804. Rev. John Marsh.	1824. William Moseley Holland, <i>Tut. Y C., Prof. Trin. Coll.</i>
1805. Ziba Foot.	Hon. Ashbel Smith, M. D.
1806. Alfred Hennen. Hon. Henry Strong, LL. D., <i>Tutor Yale Coll.</i>	1825. Josiah Barnes, M. D. Hon. Thomas Slidell, <i>Judge Sup. Ct. of La.</i>
Rev. Hezekiah Gold Ufford.	1826. Rev. John Phelps Cowles.
1807. (<i>None.</i>)	1827. Sidney Law Johnson.
1808. (<i>None.</i>)	1828. (<i>None.</i>)
1809. (<i>None.</i>)	1829. George Champlin Tenney.
1810. (<i>None.</i>)	1830. Hon. Edmund Smith Rhett. Henry Rogers Winthrop.
1811. (<i>None.</i>)	1831. (<i>None.</i>)
1812. (<i>None.</i>)	1832. (<i>None.</i>)
1813. Rev. William Theodore Dwight, D. D., <i>Tut. Y. C.</i>	1833. (<i>None.</i>)
1814. Rev. John Dickson. Rev. Joshua Leavitt.	1834. Hon. Henry William Ellsworth. Henry Coit Kingsey.
1815. (<i>None.</i>)	1835. Charles Alonzo Gager, <i>Tut. Yale Coll.</i>
1816. George Hill. Charles Olcott. Rev. James Angel Fox. Charles John Johnson.	1836. (<i>None.</i>)
1817. Hon. Joel Jones, LL. D., <i>Pres. Gir. Coll.</i> David Nevins Lord.	1837. Rev. William Russell.
1818. Hon. Francis Hiram Cone, <i>Judge Sup. Ct. Geo.</i> Horatio Hubbard.	1838. (<i>None.</i>)
Hon. Thomas Clap Perkins.	1839. Charles Astor Bristed. Augustus Rodney MacDonough.
1819. Jonathan Humphrey Bissell. Hon. Asahel Huntington.	1840. (<i>None.</i>)
1820. Horace Foote. Alexander Catlin Twining, <i>Tut. Y. C., Prof. Mid. Coll.</i> John Payson Williston.	1841. (<i>None.</i>)
1821. Henry White, <i>Tut. Y. C.</i>	1842. William Davison Hennen.
1822. Rev. Edward Beecher, D. D., <i>Tut. Y. C., Pres. Ill. Coll.</i> Rev. Henry Herrick.	1843. Rev. Cyrus Huntington. Lucius Franklin Robinson. Franklin Taylor.
1823. Rev. Norman Pinney, <i>Prof. Trin. Coll.</i>	1844. William Few Smith.
	1845. William Gustine Conner. Robert Rankin.
	1846. (<i>None.</i>)
	1847. Henry Hamilton Hadley, <i>Tut. Y.C.</i> Francis Lewis Hodges, <i>Tut. Y. C.</i>
	1848. Henry Martyn Colton.
	1849. Benjamin Talbot.
	1850. Clinton Camp.
	1851. William Woolsey Winthrop.

KOSSUTH AND YALE.

We alluded in our last December number to the interest which had been manifested among the Students for the cause of Hungary. Two meetings were held in the Chapel, near the close of last term, at the first of which a Committee was appointed to draft, in behalf of the Students generally, an Address to Governor Kossuth,—and at the second, the following Address, presented by that Committee, was read and approved.

ADDRESS TO KOSSUTH FROM THE STUDENTS OF YALE COLLEGE.

Gov. Kossuth: The students connected with Yale College, have assigned to us the pleasing duty of expressing to you their deep and earnest sympathy with the cause of Hungarian independence. As young men, assembled together from every

section of our country, accustomed in our earliest recollections to a union of Liberty and Law, and claiming affinity with the men who pledged their "lives, their fortunes, and their sacred honor," we may well be supposed to share your abhorrence of systematic perfidy, oppression and absolutism, as exemplified by the House of Hapsburg and the Czar of Russia. And it has seemed to us that it might afford some satisfaction to yourself, and to your oppressed brethren in Europe, to receive from us, as American students, some indication of that sympathy and that abhorrence, and to allow us to express our honest admiration of the strength and persistent energy of your people, and the purity of their motives, but above all the sanctity and the value of the principles which they have proclaimed. This enthusiasm in regard to the constitutional liberty of Hungary is not altogether new among us. Our elder brethren, the graduates of this College, at their annual meeting held two years ago, discussed, with great spirit, and adopted with entire unanimity, a series of resolutions expressing deep and prayerful sympathy with your gallant but unfortunate countrymen. They were among the first expressions of the kind emanating from any association of Americans, and were advocated by men of learning, piety, and statesmanlike views, with an eloquence that has made the cause of Hungary and the Hungarians forever dear to us. One of our number (Charles L. Brace) has lately been traveling through the villages and hamlets of your fatherland, and has given us much information of the private virtues of your people, their sufferings, and their glimmerings of hope, as well as the absolute tyranny and demoniac fury of their oppressors, on which he had abundant opportunity to reflect in an Austrian dungeon. We are proud to welcome you as a great teacher; not only as a teacher who has already taught the people their rights, and how to secure those rights by proper guarantees, but also as a teacher who has endeavored to make tyrants understand their duties—a lesson hard for them to comprehend, but which they will thoroughly learn, if at all, when it is demonstrated by the point of the bayonet.

A want of popular traditions and of a definite knowledge of facts among the people, and a difficulty in obtaining them hitherto, on account of a diversity of language and the jealousy of despots, the distances and peculiar geographical situation of Hungary, the caution and hesitancy with which we naturally receive statements *ex parte*, render it comparatively easy for the emissaries of Austria to throw suspicion on a cause they hate, and to endeavor to prevent its taking such a deep vital hold on our minds and hearts as will remain with us and prompt to deeds long after you and your companions shall have withdrawn to the conflict, and this excitement shall have passed away. Your presence on our soil excites inquiry—your words assist the investigation and inspire confidence—your eloquence has awakened the most glowing enthusiasm. We hope that an intelligent and thorough conviction will be left on the great heart of the American people, that the cause of Hungary is the cause of God—that it is an honest effort of the great body of your people to escape from an ignominious tyranny and oppression which they can no longer endure; and finally, that we *can do something* as American citizens, without becoming embroiled as a nation in a European war.

The "sober second thought" of the people will soon be matured, and their dispassionate judgment pronounced. We need not say that we believe that thought and that judgment will be for Hungary and for Independence; then whatever course prudence may dictate to the Government, we will not only say as our fathers did to

the Patriots of Greece, "God speed the right," but will do as they did, and will give active efficient pecuniary aid according to our ability.

Signed in behalf of the Students of Yale College.

Theological Department—E. B. HILLARD, Conn., C. J. HUTCHINS, Penn.

Law Department—JOSEPH SHELDON, Jr., N. Y.; R. M. MARSHALL, Ky.

Medical Department—JAMES H. CURBY, N. Y.; CHARLES A. LINDSLEY, N. J.

Philosophical Department—A. R. LITTLE, R. I.; J. D. EASTER, Md.

Undergraduates—Senior Class: HOMER B. SPRAGUE, Mass.; WM. STANLEY, Ct. Juniors: RANDAL L. GIBSON, La.; CHAS. L. THOMAS, Ill. Sophomores: M. LKE Miss.; A. S. VAN DE GRAAFF, Ala. Freshmen: W. KING, Ga.; W. S. HEATH, Me.

By a vote of the meeting, the Committee were requested to go down to New York and present the Address to Kossuth. They were accordingly introduced to him at New York, on the 16th of December, by WM. E. ROBINSON, Esq., of the Class of 1841, and after they had read their Address, Gov. Kossuth made the following reply, which we take from the New York Tribune.

KOSSUTH'S REPLY.

Allow me, Gentlemen, to express to you my most cordial and warmest thanks for this manifestation of your sympathy. The fact that young America sympathizes with the struggles of every people for the purpose of becoming free, is not new to me; but it is a great benefit to see that sympathy sanctioned always by that higher instruction which your condition affords to you. I consider that the principles which should actuate the human heart should be based upon a love of freedom, sanctioned by the religion and understanding of man. It affords me a great gratification to receive the kind wishes and practical aid of so great a number of the youths of your College—some five hundred, from twenty-six States of this Union.

There is so much talk about the peaceful advancement of freedom throughout the world—so much spoken about the certainty of success by peaceful means, that I consider it my duty to set people's minds right on the subject. It would be a grand thing to come to some rational end by peaceful means, but so long as tyrants exist, this can hardly be accomplished. The word tyrant is inconsistent with the word duty. They feel that the world was created to be the tool of their ambition, and therefore, they feel no duty beyond the satisfying of their desires. The bayonets of tyrants listen not to justice nor to reason, nor to the prayers of suffering man. So, of course, you must oppose bayonets to bayonets, and that is my doctrine, a doctrine which I will not only teach, but feel as a duty in my inmost heart to advocate and share in the danger, when the condition of my country requires it. And so much I know, that when I raise in Hungary the banner of freedom, and when I go on, the first in danger, there will be there no coward heart that will refuse to follow. Everything promises the assurance of success for the cause you honor with your sympathy, and I say that my nation by itself, by its own resolution and manly action, will be able to battle for her liberty.

It is a mistake, however, if anybody thinks that I came to the United States for the purpose of getting means to carry on a war. This is not my design. I believe that when war comes, Hungary will find in itself sufficient means to carry it out, but to meet the exigencies of the occasion, other things are wanting, not merely sympathy, but practical aid. Whatever assistance is afforded me, I will never employ it in such a way that will be considered contrary to the laws of this country.

I thank you, Gentlemen, for your generous intention to give your share of that aid, which is wanted for the success of your cause. I would have felt very happy to spend more time in your company, but I am sick and worn out by the very agreeable duties which I had to perform. To-day I have the honor to meet the New York Militia, and my time is so taken up, that I can scarcely afford a moment for my private affairs. You will excuse me, therefore, Gentlemen, and receive my most cordial thanks.

Mr. Hillard, the Chairman of the Committee, then expressed to Kossuth the pleasure they had taken in this interview; and after personal introductions to him, they retired.

ELECTION OF EDITORS.

The class of 1853, on Wednesday, Feb. 18, held their meeting for the election of Editors of the Yale Literary Magazine. T. F. Davies was appointed Chairman, and A. W. Bishop and W. S. Gilbert, Secretaries. On balloting, the following gentlemen were declared elected:—

*ALFRED GROUT, Sherburne, Mass.
GEORGE A. JOHNSON, Salisbury, Md.
CHARLTON T. LEWIS, West Chester, Pa.
BENJAMIN K. PHELPS, Groton, Mass.
ANDREW D. WHITE, Syracuse, N.Y.*

PREMIUMS AWARDED FEBRUARY 28, 1852.

FOR ENGLISH COMPOSITION.

Class of 1854.

	<i>1st Division.</i>	<i>2d Division.</i>	<i>3d Division.</i>
<i>1st Prize,</i>	YUNG WING,	L. S. POTWINE,	J. TAFT.
<i>2d Prize,</i>	C. A. DUPREE,	W. C. FLAGG,	J. K. LOMBARD.
<i>3d Prize,</i>	{ W. H. FENN, J. M. SMITH,	{ A. S. HITCHCOOK, W. H. NORRIS,	S. C. GALE.

FOR TRANSLATION OF GREEK INTO ENGLISH.

Class of 1855.

	<i>1st Division.</i>	<i>2d Division.</i>	<i>3d Division.</i>
<i>1st Prize,</i>	W. H. L. BARNES,	C. J. F. ALLEN,	{ J. S. SHIPMAN, C. P. STETSON,
<i>2d Prize,</i>	S. T. WOODWARD,	{ W. BROOKS, T. HALSTEAD,	{ G. TALCOTT, J. E. TODD.
<i>3d Prize,</i>	H. N. COBE,	W. T. WILSON,	{ J. W. HARMAR, W. C. WYMAN.

LITERARY SOCIETIES.

POEMS AND ORATIONS.

On Wednesday evening, February 18, a Poem was delivered in the Brothers Society, by W. W. Crapo of the Senior Class. Subject—REBECCA THE JEWESS.

On Wednesday evening, February 25, a Poem was delivered in the Linonian Society by W. S. Potts of the Sophomore Class. Subject—WYOMING.

On the same evening, in the same Society, Andrew D. White delivered an Oration on POPULAR FALLACIES ABOUT THEORIES.

On Wednesday evening, March 17th, an Oration was delivered in the Brothers Society, by Alfred Grout. Subject—THE ELEMENTS OF SYMMETRICAL CHARACTER.

ELECTIONS.

The Fourth election of the Collegiate year, took place on Wednesday evening, Feb. 25, in the three Societies, resulting as follows:

LINONIA.	BROTHERS IN UNITY.	CALLIOPE.
<i>Presidents.</i>		
G. G. SILL.	C. E. VANDERBURG.	F. GRUBE.
<i>Vice Presidents.</i>		
M. SMITH.	S. C. CHAPIN.	V. MARMADUKE.
<i>Secretaries.</i>		
C. L. THOMAS.	W. T. GILBERT.	J. OLDS.
<i>Vice Secretaries.</i>		
J. K. HILL.	H. E. HOWLAND.	J. E. RAINS.

At a special meeting of the Senior members of the Brothers in Unity, held March 10th, COOK LOUNSBURY was elected to deliver the usual Society Valedictory.

At a special meeting of the Senior members of Calliope, held March 18th, VINCENT MARMADUKE was chosen to deliver the Society Valedictory.

At a special meeting of the Senior members of Linonia, held March 20th, WILLIAM F. HUMPHREY was chosen to deliver the Society Valedictory.

BEETHOVEN CONCERT.

This Society gave a Concert in the College Chapel, Monday evening, March 8th. The writer not having been present, (no disrespect by the way to the officers who so kindly remembered 'gentlemen of the press,') cannot speak personally of its merits. Rumor however says it was good, very good, one of the best the Society has ever given. The attendance however was not so great as was anticipated, or as the reputation of the Society ought to have commanded. Fewer students were present than there should have been at a College Concert, by a Society whose claims on their patronage is great, and which does so much

———“whistling to the steeds of Time,
To make them jog on merrily with life's burden.”

JUNIOR EXHIBITION.

The speakers at the Junior Exhibition, which occurs this year on the 18th of April, have made choice of the following

MANAGERS.

1st Division.	2d Division.	3d Division.
H. H. BABCOCK,	W. H. GLEASON,	T. F. DAVIES.
S. M. CAPRON,	J. McCORMICK,	S. W. KNEVALS.
T. J. HOLMES.	B. K. PHELPS.	J. M. WHITON.

In alluding to this subject, we cannot forbear to express the wish, that year by year, as the Exhibition returns, more of the students would remain in town in order to attend it than have usually been willing to do so. This hurrying off at the earliest moment after Examination is concluded, as if sheriff's writs or college 'condi-

UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN



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THE
YALE LITERARY MAGAZINE,
CONDUCTED BY
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